

## FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

### BUMBLE-BEE AND BOUQUET.

There once was a bumble-bee busy and big,  
Who wore a brown suit and a little horned  
ring.  
His wings were trimmed over with lovely gold  
rings,  
And silver was mixed with the gauze of his  
wings.

He had made in a nice grassy corner a nest,  
Where little bees babies in quiet should rest,  
And five or six eggs some caps that were  
shapely and fair.

And thinner than thinnest of porcelain  
ware.

But these beautiful things for his table as  
yet  
Were empty, and something he quickly  
met and got,  
That bountiful and humble and other buzz  
folk  
Should have breakfast to eat the first morn  
rite they woke.

So out to the flower-village he flew,  
To find a good morning's work and time  
to feed morning-buzz buzz.—Madame Bumble  
can you give  
Some encouragement to me that my children  
may live?

“Yes, yes brother bee, the red cupboard is  
such a home,  
Help yourself, and take freely a hearty  
supper.”

“Thank you kindly—buzz! buzz!”—the girl  
told him, “and now all my buzzes are just ready for you,  
And the buttery waiting can carry some,  
too.”

“Very little, not ‘carry,’” the number two  
thought; but he answered, politely, “Buzz! buzz!”  
as he could.  
The sun and roses first tamest all—  
He waited them, nor in vain did he call.

He turned to go further, but, oh! what a  
fast coming that way were posies in white,  
And posies so dazzling with yellow and  
red. He wished he had eyeballs all ready to blink.

“Buzz! buzz!” I knew not that the flowers  
waited out,  
But here they are coming to meet me, no  
should;

“Buzz! buzz!” it is true—it is just what they  
said.  
Sincere will meet effort two-thirds of the  
way.

“Buzz! buzz! thank you all,” and quickly he  
strode.

A basket of sweets, and flew home with the  
two.

But I do not believe that he knows to this  
day  
That the wandering flowers were just a  
bouquet.

A bouquet that was carried by sweet little  
Jane,  
The poor crippled boy that lives down in  
the lane.  
Oh, how little maiden how steady and  
straight while the “funny old thing” took  
his life!

—Mrs. C. C. Day, in Harper's Young People.

### DISSATISFIED FOWLS.

**They Decide That They Are Badly Used,**  
**and Run Away from Home—Why They**  
**Return.**

“What a cold day!”

Little Nona Caxton sprang out of bed as she spoke, and drew back the chintz window-curtains to peep at the weather.

“Snow on the ground, too?”

But the snow was quite a light one, and Nona dressed herself quickly, put on her little red riding-hood cloak, with the hood over her head, and ran out to feed the chickens.

“They are in a hurry for their breakfast,” thought Nona, for a great cackling and clucking was heard in the hen-house.

She opened the door to let out the fowls, and then, scattering the feed under a shed, where there was no snow, she scampered back to the house as fast as possible.

“Cut—cut—cut!” cackled a black Spanish hen, bristling up her feathers. “I’ve had a grating in my gizzard ever since daylight. Get out of my way, Pinfeathers!” she cried, savagely pecking a young rooster who was trying to get a grain of corn from under her feet.

“Gobble! gobble! gobble!” put in Fadadeen, the big bronze turkey. “Those long-legged featherless creatures ought to get up when Chanticleer calls them, at three o’clock, and give us our breakfasts. What do you think, Miss Buff?” he asked, addressing a hand-some blonde pullet, with a double comb.

“I quite agree with you, Mr. Gobber,” assented the blonde beauty, perily.

“Pot-buck! pot-buck! pot-buck!” chattered a speckled guinea hen. “It they would only leave the door of our house open, we could get our own breakfasts. It’s the early bird that catches the worm, I’ve heard!”

And the rest assented.

“What do they look us up for anyway?” demanded a Shanghai rooster, solemnly. “They look us up so they can catch us easily. You know how they came one morning and took one of our finest turkeys and a brace of fat roosters.”

“Ah, yes! they all remembered,” assented the fowls, nodding their heads sadly.

“I can tell you,” said Chanticleer, solemnly. “They look us up so they can catch us easily. You know how they came one morning and took one of our finest turkeys and a brace of fat roosters.”

“They take all our eggs, too,” declared a big, bold Cochinchin hen, holding one leg up under her feathers to keep it warm. “They take all our eggs in the summer-time, and then shut us up in winter, and catch us to eat!”

And she looked appealingly at her audience for sympathy.

“They never let us sit at all,” chided one of the guinea-fowls, “but they pull out my feathers, too; my nice, warm feathers, that I want to line my nest with when I go to sit.”

And she looked appealingly at her audience for sympathy.

“They never let us sit at all,” chided one of the guinea-fowls, “but they pull out my feathers, too; my nice, warm feathers, that I want to line my nest with when I go to sit.”

“They’re a cruel, ungrateful set of creatures, anyhow,” said an old Dorking matron, wiping her bill on a mullein leaf. “In summertime they keep in sequester to eat. They give us nice, warm weather and lots of big, tall weeds and thick grass to make our nests in. But as soon as winter comes, they pull off all the grasshoppers; destroy the nice weeds, and grass, and make the weather so cold our feathers don’t begin to keep us warm enough.”

“Just so,” chorused the fowls.

“Mrs. Cochinchin is right,” said Chanticleer. “I think I froze my comb last night, too.”

“Suppose we all run away?” suggested the black Spanish hen, who had the grating in her gizzard, “and five by ourselves, where they can’t shut us up any more and catch us to eat.”

“So we will,” cried the rest, eagerly.

And the Shanghai rooster was so excited that he flew up on the rail fence and crowed as loud as ever he could.

Then they started, said Chanticleer taking the lead with his flock of them, and the turkeys, geese, guinea fowls and ducks following after.

All but one canvas-back drake, who

lingered behind to see if there were not a few grains of corn which had been overlooked. But not finding any, he waddled on after the rest, quacking at the top of his voice.

The fowls, headed by Chanticleer, made their way through a thick copse of hazel-bushes out to an open glade, where the sun shone warmly down, and some tufts of blue-grass showed here and there, where patches of snow had melted away.

“Why, it’s getting warm already,” cried the delighted flock. “Perhaps we shall find the summer after awhile.”

“To-be-sure we will,” said the gray dove, stoutly. “I have heard from one of my relatives, who has traveled a good deal, that only a short distance from here there is summer all the year round.”

“That’s where we must go,” said Chanticleer, sagely. “But for to-day, we will stop where we are. It seems quite warm and comfortable here, and to-night we can roost in these trees that grow around this open space.”

So they all scattered about on the glade, picking off bits of the grass and even finding a few insects among the leaves which had drifted from the adjacent trees.

“Come, my dears,” said the old hen, full to her brood of long-legged, half-grown pullets, who were always clamoring for something to eat, led us into the edge of the woods, there, and scratching among the dry leaves. We may chance to find some nice beetles, or a few fat snails, perhaps.”

So the long-legged pullets followed their mother into the woods, and went to scratching, pecking, among the dry leaves.

“My dear, my dears,” said the old hen, “you will not be satisfied with the food you have. Take another buzz—buzz—again. The buzzes are just a buzz—buzz—again.”

“Then he hurried along to catch Mrs. Chaser, who was flying about, and puffed up like a puffed-up balloon.”

“Then the mother buzz buzz—any honey—again.”

“Then, all my buzzes are just ready for you, and the buttery waiting can carry some, too.”

“Very little, not ‘carry,’” the number two thought; but he answered, politely, “Buzz! buzz!” as he could.

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He waited them, nor in vain did he call.

He turned to go further, but, oh! what a fast coming that way were posies in white, And posies so dazzling with yellow and red. He wished he had eyeballs all ready to blink.

“Buzz! buzz!” I knew not that the flowers waited out, But here they are coming to meet me, no should;

“Buzz! buzz!” it is true—it is just what they said.

A bouquet that was carried by sweet little Jane,

The poor crippled boy that lives down in the lane.

Oh, how little maiden how steady and straight while the “funny old thing” took his life!

—Mrs. C. C. Day, in Harper's Young People.

### RELIGIOUS READING.

#### A FRESH BEGINNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning.  
Every morn is the world made new.  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

As the past things are just and gone—

The ways we used to go the ways are dead;

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover.

Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and

Are healed with the healing which nighteth.

Yesterday now is part of forever—

The ways we used to go the ways are dead;

Today's errors let yesterday cover.

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